EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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SISTER-LOVE.

A ROSE FÊTE.

BY MRS. HENRIETTE CUSHING.

ACROSS the sea in beautiful France, the birthplace of almost all the lovely roses which deck the tables at your birthday parties and show their sweet foreign faces in the florists' windows, lives an old gentleman who is called by the children "The father of flowers." His little house in the suburbs of Paris is entirely hidden by clambering roses and climbing vines from June to November.

There was a time when this same white-haired, dignified old gentleman led his regiment to battle against the Prussian army, and in the lapel of his coat he wore a tri-colored button which showed that he belonged to the Legion of Honor and had served his country nobly. His heart was brave and soft at the same time, and he tenderly loved his roses and the village children. It would have been hard to tell which Père Gromont loved best, the roses or the children; but it is enough that we know he loved them both very dearly. And the children, — well, it is enough also to know that they loved him better than anybody else in the world except their parents. He was Père Gromont to every one of them, younger or older.

All over France Père Gromont was known by the beautiful roses he had grown; their names and lovely faces were known too in many countries, for they had travelled to far-off lands, both east and west.

Each year came the birthday of Père Gromont's hybrids, and then there was a festival which filled the hearts of the village children with great joy; not another day in the whole year except Christmas had such glory in it. The first day of June was set apart for this beautiful holiday, and no child who had been to one of Père Gromont's fêtes ever forgot on the last day of May in the next year to caution the mother to be sure and wake betimes to get the breakfast for an early start to Père Gromont's garden. Long before the grated iron gate was opened might be seen the eager merry crowd peering anxiously between the bars, trying to catch a glimpse of Père Gromont's well-known figure.

The dew was still heavy on the grass and flowers when Père Gromont's gardener opened the gate, and let the joyous children troop through the gravelled walks among the hundreds of rose-trees in full bloom. What shouts of joy met the ears of their host, as he came forward to greet them! It was as noisy as a nest of magpies in that beautiful garden. The children were all dressed in their best, which was a clean cotton gown or frock; they wore no hats, — in truth they did not need them, for the sun and air had done much towards giving them a thick and protecting head-covering.

Père Gromont had invited every child he knew or ever heard of in the village, leaving out no one under twelve years or over three. Foremost among the group was a particular favorite of Père Gromont; this was Hortense, the little lame daughter of the miller. She was pointing with her crutch to an exquisite tree of white roses, and shouting at the top of her small lungs, "Ah! look there, that is *my* rose! It is three years old to-day, is it not, Père Gromont?"

"Yes, my little one, you are right; you do not forget your god-children, I see," answered the pleased Père Gromont.

"Nor I," spoke up a little voice at his elbow, with the tone of being a trifle hurt at the suggestion that she caught in Père Gromont's words, that possibly some god-parents were not so thoughtful.

"Yes, you too, Henriette my little one," answered Père Gromont, stroking the curly head; "which is your rose?"

"There, over yonder by the wall; see the heavy yellow buds which are not strong enough to hold up their heads."

"Ah! she knows well," laughed Père Gromont, taking Henriette's hand in his, and making her happy again.

"And there is mine," shouted another voice, "over this side of the Catherine de Mermets."

It was little Gabrielle, who knew the name of every rose in Père Gromont's garden. Henriette was the daughter of the village postmaster, and had already had the honor of naming two roses among Père Gromont's hybrids.

"Yes, Gabrielle, never fear that you will forget the little twin sisters," said Père Gromont cutting a heavy pink rose as he spoke, and fastening it into Gabrielle's little apron.

"Now then we will decorate ourselves," and Père Gromont led the way to Hortense's rose.

Then right and now left he cut the most beautiful blossoms which the children tucked into their little dresses or their hair, each from their favorite rose. When all were adorned a signal was given, and Père Gromont marshalled his brigade down one of the paths to a summer-house, where under the trees a table was laid with a white cloth and great baskets of flowers at either of the ends.

Soon every one was busy with great frosted cakes, which were adorned with strips of angelica and candied cherries, in which each child read the initial of her Christian name. Father Gromont's cook was famous with the village children; and it was she, old Marthe herself, with her white cap and great apron, who went clattering about the walks in her wooden shoes, helping the children to her delicious dainties. Great bowls of fresh milk were served to every one, as much it seemed as they could drink in a day, and also some of Marthe's cream cheese, on which she prided herself. Over this delightful breakfast they lingered long, for not all knew that the most enjoyable part of the fête was yet to come.

At length Père Gromont appeared with a basket on his arm, and gave to each a pair of scissors with rounded points, such as gardeners use.

"Now, then, my little friends," said Père Gromont, "when Marthe has given you each a basket you will all follow me in single file, and cut from the same trees from which I cut."

There was a pile of osier baskets as tall as Marthe herself. Each child wondered what was the meaning of all this ceremony, but none dared to ask. Up one path and down another the merry procession went, until their baskets were well filled with beautiful blossoms, — pink, red, white, and yellow in sweetest confusion. When each basket would hold no more, Père Gromont halted his procession of rose-laden followers, and addressed them: "Now, then, my friends listen, and I will tell you the secret you have been waiting so patiently to hear. I have proposed to myself that instead of keeping my flowers to adorn my library table, to send them to the poor sick children of Paris who never knew the pleasure of holding a flower in their hands, or the joy of breathing the sweet breath of a rose. Now, who would like to join me and add their roses to mine?"

The children looked first at one another and then at their flowers, and then at Père Gromont. The answers did not come directly; but when they did come, they came all at once.

"I! I! I! I!" came in a jumbled chorus, each eager voice endeavoring to out-shout the other.

"Good! my little friends. I have a card which I shall direct to the children in the hospital; what shall I write more?"

"From some happy children who live near Père Gromont," cried Henriette.

"From the god-mothers of Père Gromont's children," shouted Gabrielle, taking one of Père Gromont's hybrids out of the basket, and holding it aloft.

"Very well," said Père Gromont, "either will do. Now, while the flowers are fresh we must send them;" and Père Gromont blew a little silver whistle which all the children knew very well, for it always was hung on a little cord about his neck.

In answer to the summons came Briquet, a shaggy donkey, and the little cart driven by Michel, Père Gromont's gardener. Briquet and Michel were both good friends of the children, and a shout of joy greeted them.

It did not take long to load the little wagon with its freight of roses. Little Gabrielle ran forward with two beautiful red roses, and fastened them into the head-stall of Briquet's harness. Off trotted the trusty little animal as if he understood the importance of the occasion.

"Now, my friends, I will tell you the sequel of my secret. This little girl, — and here Père Gromont patted Hortense's pretty curly head, — as you know, was not at our fête last year, and I sent her some roses. She was in the hospital in Paris where we have just sent Michel. When she was arranging her flowers she generously gave every child a rose, and one and another asked where they came from. 'From my Père Gromont,' Hortense answered. 'Oh! if we had a Père Gromont!' they exclaimed. When Hortense told me this story I determined that all who were there this June should have a Père Gromont; and you have all helped me. If you have had pleasure from it, thank this little friend who gave us such a happy thought."

And this was the happiest rose fête Hortense had ever known; and no one heard that it was not equally happy to all the others.

THE LOST MONEY.

BY SPES.

LITTLE RALPH STRONG was a bright, active boy of nine, but as yet his paths had been cast in shady places. His father, when a young man of twenty-two, had returned from the war with a chest-wound; but he resumed his position as a book-keeper, and with indomitable will, though failing health, he had retained his position until within two years, when he was obliged to give up and acknowledge himself an invalid. During the fifteen years of his married life he had had a series of misfortunes, and Ralph was the last remaining child of four. His brave little wife was determined that her husband should never go without those little luxuries which are really necessaries to an invalid; and when Edgar Strong gave up his clerkship, Isabel Strong took a large house in a good part of the city, and advertised for lodgers. The house was soon filled, mostly with friends of her husband; and although it seemed a successful

undertaking, Mrs. Strong had many anxious hours, especially in the expensive winter, trying to make her income pay all the drains upon it.

Little Ralph was a great favorite with everybody; and many a stray quarter did he earn running errands for the gentlemen, and helping in a grocery-store on Saturdays. "Here, Mother dear," he would say some Saturday night, "here's a dollar for Papa's wine;" or with less money he would bring in a bunch of grapes for "Papa's throat," when he had known him to have a bad night of coughing. Young though he was, Ralph seemed to understand the anxieties of his mother's life, and looking earnestly in her face sometimes, he would say, "Never mind, Mother dear, in a few years I can help you ever so much." He could not be persuaded to keep his little earnings unless he knew that by buying a hat, or a collar, or some gloves, he could just as much help the general purse. Sad was it for Edgar Strong to see his son reduced to such straits; but his moderate salary and meagre pension had been stretched to their utmost in paying doctor's bills and medicines for the last ten years.

One warm day in July Ralph came in with half a dollar, and asked his mother what Papa needed most that he could buy. The child looked pale and tired, for he had been quite busy helping to get ready for "The Fourth." "Papa needs most to see his little Ralph's cheeks rosy; so you must take that money and spend it on a harbor excursion. Come back and tell us what a fine day you have had." For a moment the child's eyes brightened, but instantly he said, "Go off and leave you behind in the hot city? No, indeed, Mother mine, I could not do it!" With united force the parents finally persuaded the boy that it would give them real pleasure to have him go; so off he started the next morning with a neat box of lunch.

Ralph was a handsome boy, with fair hair and honest blue eyes, and there was almost a girlish beauty in his radiant smile. Oh, how he enjoyed that trip! Nothing escaped him on the boat, and at the beach he fairly revelled in the tumbling waves and crisp air. He seemed to gain several pounds in that one day; and one would hardly recognize the pale, tired-looking child of the morning in the rosy, buoyant, springing boy who jumped on board the five o'clock return boat. Not until he saw the clerk did he remember that he had forgotten to buy his return ticket, and he felt for his money. He was still hunting when the man drew near. "I 'm afraid I 've lost my money," he said, and began again to go through his pockets. "None of that game, Sneaky," roughly said the clerk; "come, find it quick!" "I have n't thought of it all day," said Ralph, "and I do believe it is gone." "I tell you, you can't cheat me!" and the man, mistaking the boy's look of perplexity for guilt, was about to help him hunt. A gentleman sitting near, who had been watching the proceeding, then said to the clerk, "I think the boy is speaking truly. I will pay you," and gave him the money. Now Ralph's astonishment burst forth in words and throwing unconsciously a contemptuous look on the man of the boat, he turned to the gentleman and said, "Does he mean, sir, that he does not believe me, — that I am not telling the truth?" Then turning to the clerk: "I'd have you to know that I 'm not mean enough to tell a lie. *Cowards* lie; and I 'm not afraid of anything. I have lost my money." The gentleman smiled; and Ralph, hardly understanding the nature of the smile, blushed crimson. "Please, sir, I will pay you back the money when I earn it. Where shall I bring it?" Mr. ——— was now really interested, and determined to know more of such a manly little fellow. He gave him his card.

During the next week Ralph earned his quarter and carried it proudly to the gentleman's office, and from that day Ralph's bright star began to rise. By a courteous note to Mr. Strong, Mr. ——— gained permission to take the boy each week on some pleasure-trip, and the friendship thus begun lasted through many years. Each month gave proof of the constancy of the friend, either by some present to the child, or some rare delicacy to the invalid father. As the boy grew older, the summer excursions were extended to mountain and lake journeys, and great and varied was the knowledge that Ralph acquired at these times; for Mr. ——— was a rare scholar, and had that great gift of imparting to children much that was useful without its appearing irksome. When Ralph left the High School, his friend obtained for him an excellent situation; and some years later, at the death of his benefactor, Ralph received a letter from an attorney, saying that Mr. ——— had left five thousand dollars to Ralph Strong, the boy who was not "coward" enough to tell a lie.

THE PARABLE OF THE SNOW-FLAKE.

BY L. P. HOPKINS.

Behold the snow-flakes falling! They are so white, so feathery, one would think them light and formless as air; but catch them in the hand and look carefully, and you may see they are made of starry crystals of ice, shaped as beautifully as a flower.

And the flowers of summer, too, are they not arranged in beautiful order, — symmetrical, and balanced in every part: three petals, three sepals, a three-lobed stigma, and three or six stamens, as if all had been counted and fitted exactly to a pattern of beauty? And so it is exactly to the thought of God. It is the same with the jewel in its hidden bed: God has cut it in lovely forms, as the flower and the snow-crystal, according to his pattern of beauty for the world and for the soul; and the flower and the gem and the snow-flake, all lend their forces and their particles to carry out his law, which moulds them into beauty and harmony.

Now behold the young hearts God has given you, and remember that he would mould them also into beauty; but you must lend him your will and love and faithfulness to help him do for you what he cannot do without your consent. Give him your conscience to do everything exactly right; your love to harmonize your soul with his, as the pure snow and the clear crystal and the lovely flower are in harmony with his plans for them; your will in choosing pure influences, good habits and companions, and avoiding what is wrong; then, as you grow up into men and women, you will have characters of symmetry, purity, and beauty fitted to shine like the gem, to bloom like the flower, to hold up a lofty ideal as the snow-flake holds its delicate pattern of beauty clear and unbroken through wind and storm, that at last you may be set as jewels in God's everlasting crown.

"For the invisible things of Him from the foundation of the world are clearly seen, being understood from the things which are made." — *Journal of Education.*

Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features; any meanness or sensuality, to imbrute them.

One forgives everything to him who forgives himself nothing.

As charity requires forgetfulness of evil deeds, so patience requires forgetfulness of evil accidents.

History and Biography.

HECTOR OF TROY.

BY S. STORROW GANNETT.

Hector, the Trojan hero, whom Homer makes second to Achilles only, is justly considered as the noblest character in the Iliad. He was a son of Priam, the Trojan king, and the support of his country. Athough he knew that Troy was in the wrong, he fought for his native land from a motive of patriotism, and not so much for glory as did many of the Grecian heroes.

Hector's character compared with that of Achilles appears to great advantage. Achilles is willing to sacrifice the Greeks to his own private wishes and quarrels; he could not love a wife and child with that tenderness which Hector shows to Andromache and Astyanax. His love is a passion, and a selfish one, for does he not refuse Briseis when Agamemnon offers to return her? With what pure love would Hector have welcomed back Andromache had she been taken captive, and afterwards restored to him? Helen, whom he has cause to hate, yet receives the kindest treatment from him, as is shown in her lament over his dead body.

Achilles may have been a true Greek, but Hector is worthy of belonging to a more advanced age.

When the two armies are ready for battle, Paris shows his cowardice at sight of Menelaus. Hector tries to inspirit him, and incite him to challenge Atrides, as he hopes that by this means the feud may be settled without the shedding of innocent blood. Menelaus wins the victory; but since Paris is withdrawn from the conflict by Venus, and the Trojans break the truce, the war continues.

Hector now displays his valor; he keeps the Greeks at bay, and defends the city bravely. When the Greeks at last prevail, and Hector returns to Troy to propitiate Minerva, how touching is his farewell to Andromache! With her little son she had repaired to the wall of the city, which commanded a view of the combat. On Hector's approach she begs him not to return to the battle, as she has a presentiment that if he does he will never come back to her alive.

Hector tries to comfort her, but tells her he must go, for the guardianship of the Trojan State depends chiefly upon him. Still his love for his wife overpowers all other emotions.

The little Astyanax is frightened at his father's horse-hair crest, and Hector removes it, caresses the child, and offers up a prayer for him, asking that he may be greater than his father, and a source of pride to his mother.

Hector again triumphs over the Greeks, and slays Patroclus the friend of Achilles, which is the undoing of himself and Troy; for to avenge his friend Achilles again joins the Greeks, and this insures Troy's downfall.

Hector is slain by Achilles, who now behaves in a most barbarous manner. He trails the body of the unfortunate Hector behind his chariot, which he drives around the walls of Troy; but he is finally prevailed upon by Priam to accept a ransom for the body of Hector, and the Trojans build for it an enormous funeral pyre.

Hector was greatly lamented by the Trojans, who realized that they had lost in him their bravest protector.

Troy's glory ended with the fall of Hector, and the proud city now exists only in the writings of the poets and modern imagination.

Our Letter-Box.

A list of the birds mentioned in the Gospels sent us by Edna P. and Eliza May Knapp contained all but four of the references given in No. 10, and had besides references to the cock that reminded Peter of his boasted loyalty to Jesus. In asking for the birds, we had in mind principally the "birds of the air;" but surely the cock is too important to be left out. And if we count the cock, why should we not also count the hen and "her chickens"? We commend the interest and application shown by these sisters. Another correspondent, F. D. P., writes: —

"I have not had time to look up how many times birds are mentioned in the Gospels; but I commenced, and found quite a number in Matthew. I have not had time, because I go to school."

We know how much time school and school-lessons take, and we are glad F. D. P. had interest enough to begin. Perhaps she will look out the references we have already given, as well as these below. The new references sent us are Mark xiii. 35; Luke xxii. 34, 60, 61; John xiii. 38. To which we add the following: Matt. xxvi. 34; Mark xiv. 30, 68, 72; Luke xiii. 34; Matt. xxiii. 37; John xviii. 27.

We believe this makes thirty-five times that birds are mentioned in the Gospels. When we looked in those books for flowers, we found but one spoken of, — the lily. Our search for birds has resulted very differently. Now, I think it would be pleasant to find out how many times *children* are mentioned in the Gospels.

NEW TESTAMENT ENIGMA.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 28, 6, 15, 8, was one of the disciples.

My 9, 21, 8, 9, 31, was one of the high-priests before whom Jesus was brought for trial.

My 16, 9, 12, 5, 4, 3, was the birthplace of the greatest of the apostles.

My 22, 2, 21, 21, 13, 31, 9, 12, 18, 14, is a sea of Palestine, near which much of Jesus' life was spent.

My 7, 27, 3, 25, 4, 5, was a Procurator of Judea by whom Paul was sent to Rome to be judged.

My 19, 20, 8, 22, the Jews charged Jesus with aspiring to be.

My 10, 2, 8, 11, 3, was a lawyer of whom Paul speaks in his letter to Titus.

My 30, 20, 8, 27, you will find mentioned in the account of the first miracle performed by Jesus.

My 17, 29, 21, is a fowl, mention of which is found but twice in the Bible, and then it is Jesus who speaks of it.

My 24, 20, 22, is a fruit mentioned in the New Testament.

My 1, 23, 21, 11, 26, was the father of the disciple Peter, as we know by his surname.

My whole is an inscription that Pilate wrote which greatly troubled the Jews.

ENIGMA XI.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 13, 16, 22, is a woman mentioned in the Old Testament.

My 17, 12, 12, 1, is a girl's name.

My 12, 8, 9, 13, is a place from which minerals are obtained.

My 6, 1, 5, 6, 7, is a humorous kind of song.

My 3, 20, 21, is a metal.

My 18, 15, 5, 11, 9, is a fabric.

My 14, 4, 21, is the opposite of virtue.

My 2, 10, 22, 19, 3, is often set for children to do.

My whole is a familiar proverb.

Templeton, Mass. H. P. and F. P.

ENIGMA XII.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 1, 25, 11, 27, 18, 14, is to join by the use of fire.

My 24, 25, 25, 27, is the opposite of evil.

My 20, 14, 16, 9, 10, 15, is a critical time.

My 5, 6, 10, 2, is a small piece of anything.

My 2, 7, 26, 11, is a medicine.

My 21, 19, 27, is the conclusion.

My 29, 4, 14, 12, 28, is an organ of sensation.

My 23, 25, 17, 12, 13, is to explain.

My 8, 22, 11, 12, 3, 14, is a metal.

My whole is an adage for talkative boys and girls to follow.

Nattie H. Litchfield.

SQUARE WORDS.

I.

1. An animal sometimes made a pet of.
2. A broad piece of level ground.
3. Something obtained from corn.
4. Both a plant and an ointment.

II.

1. An apostle.
2. A Levite mentioned early in 1 Chronicles.
3. The sixth son of Joktan, mentioned in Genesis.
4. A flower mentioned in two of the Gospels.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 10.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper.
2. Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance.
3. A fault concealed is a fault doubled

Enigma VIII. Every Other Sunday.

Enigma IX. "Our Father." William C. Gannett.

DIAMOND WORD-PUZZLES.

I.	II.	III.	IV.
P	J	J	J
TEN	HAM	CAT	ROD
PETER	JAMES	JACOB	JONAH
NET	MEN	TOP	DAN
R	S	B	H

For Youngest Readers.

JOHNNY'S IMAGE.

BY M. E. P.

JOHNNY BRIGHT was a very small boy only eight years old, but he was a bright little fellow. He knew his *A*, *B*, *C*'s, could spell some real long words and recite little poems before he went to school, and he had been going two years now. Johnny loved his books. He always had his lessons, for he liked his teacher and wanted to please her; and when she had anything to say to him she found him attentive.

It was not long before Johnny caught up with the older boys. He was put in a class with Dick and Louis, who were three years older than he. Dick and Louis did not like to study, — *they* went to school to have a good time and annoy their teacher. When little Johnny came into the class, they were ashamed that they did not know as much as he; but instead of studying hard and trying to be better boys, they began to tease Johnny. At recess they took away his marbles, or, if it were winter, pelted him with snowballs, till finally he could bear it no longer, and was obliged to stay in at recess; but he never complained, so Miss Pleasant did not know how these older boys treated him. If she *had* known, she would have talked to them, and told them how wrong and how unmanly it was to tease a boy so much younger than themselves.

Johnny used to go right home after school was out, and then he would play till his papa came home to dinner. His mamma often read aloud to him, and she had recently read Hawthorne's "Snow Image," in which Johnny had been very much interested, — so much so that he thought he would try to make a snow-image just like that one. So every noon and night after school he kept diligently at his work, while mamma sat at the window with her sewing or reading, frequently looking out to give her nod of approbation as Johnny looked up and asked, "How does that look, mamma?"

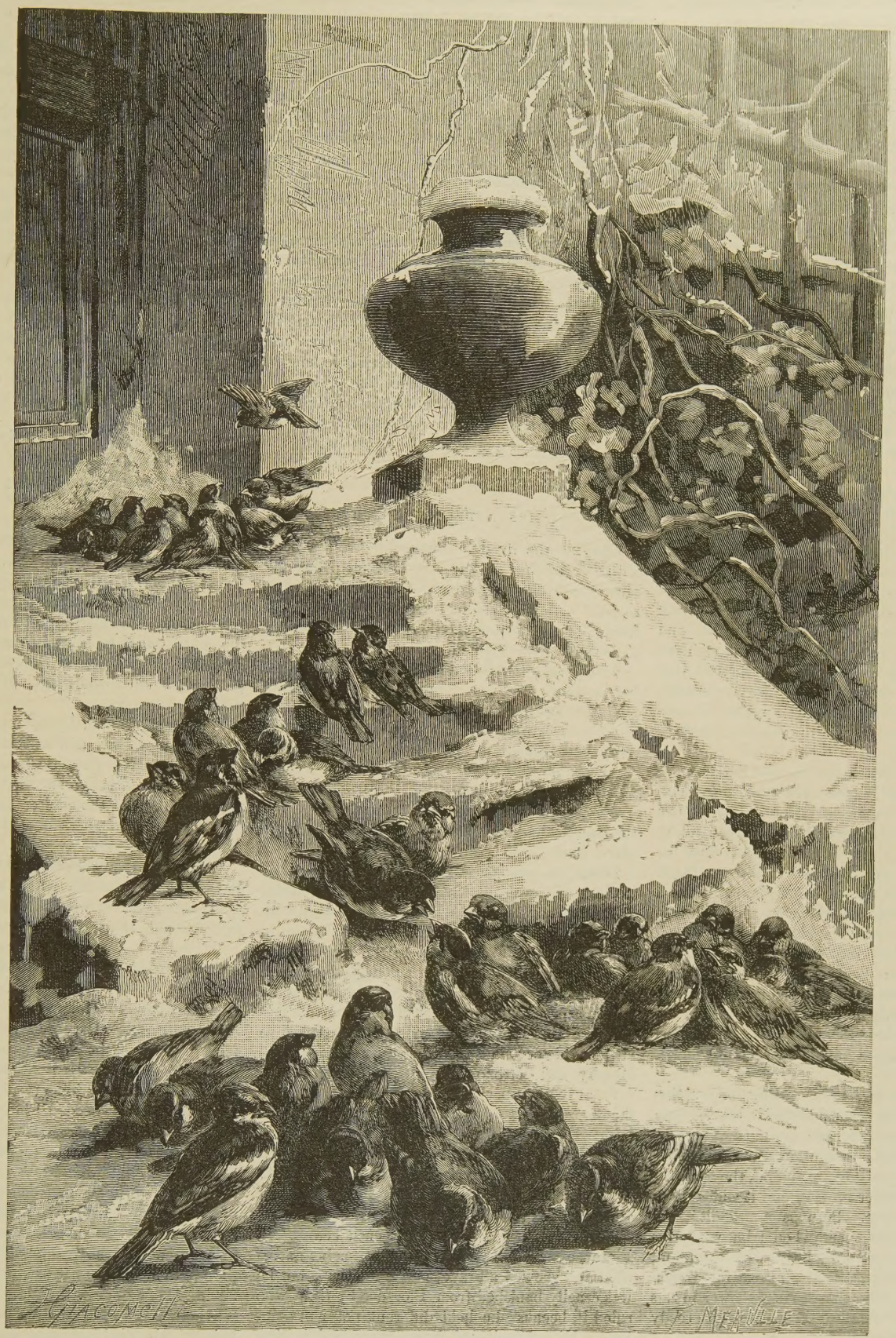
Now, Dick and Louis were not contented with teasing Johnny at school; they went by his house on their way home, and if they saw him out in the yard they would again pelt him, and make fun of his "snow man" as they called the "image." This used to hurt Johnny's feelings, and he would run into the house very unhappy; but mamma told him not to mind it, and said, "Perhaps if you come in when you see them, and wait till they have gone by, they won't harm your snow-image," for this was what Johnny was anxious about.

For a few days he did go in, and as mamma said, the boys went by without stopping.

One day, however, Johnny did not go in as usual. Mamma was surprised to see him walk down the street to meet Dick and Louis, and after talking with them a little while, bring them into the yard. Soon all three were at work on the snow-image, laughing and talking and as merry as three boys could be.

Johnny came into dinner feeling very happy that noon, and said, "Mamma, I thought if I told those boys about the 'Snow Image,' and asked them to come in and play with me, perhaps they would not plague me any more."

It was so. He took them into the house one day, and his mamma read the story to them. After this, they were as much interested as Johnny in the work; coming right home from school with him every day. They were better boys at school too, and under Johnny's good influence they became fond of their books.



DOOR-STEP VISITORS.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A VERY SMALL LION.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

This queer little lion usually makes his home in the Middle and Southern States; but he sometimes ventures as far north as New England. He was given the name of Ant-lion because, although he eats many other kinds of insects, ants seem to be his favorite food, and his manner of building his traps and catching his game is as cunning as that of any lion of larger size.

The Ant-lion is the larva of a species of dragon-fly. I dare say all my readers have seen dragon-flies. They are quick-moving, darting, flying creatures, with four transparent, gauzy wings reflecting rainbow tints, long, lithe, slender bodies, large heads, and big, black, bulging eyes. They have a peculiar way of hovering quite motionless in the air for a moment or two, and then darting off with lightning-like speed. The boys call them darning-needles, and say they carry a sting in their tails, — which is a mistake, as they can really do no harm except, perhaps, to bite one a little, and that only upon provocation. All the different kinds of dragon-flies are pretty much alike in their general appearance, though they come from very dissimilar larvæ.

The Ant-lion is, perhaps, the most curious and interesting of any known larva. He is but little more than half an inch in length, is flat, and shaped something like a potato-bug, though his neck is longer. He has six legs, but he uses only the hinder pair in walking. He moves very slowly, and generally backwards. His appetite is insatiable, and he feeds upon the juices of insects, particularly ants.

In order to capture them this lion builds a pit. First, he finds a soil of loose, dry sand, and selects a place in it well sheltered from the wind. Then he traces a circle as large as he wishes his trap to be, usually about three inches across. This he does by half burying his body in the sand and moving backwards, turning up a furrow just as a little plough would do, and throwing the earth outwards. He goes round again and again, each time inside the last furrow, until the centre is reached. Then he begins to dig with his head and fore-legs, throwing all the sand over the edge of the circle, which he gradually deepens in the centre and smoothes upon the sides until it becomes a funnel-shaped hole two or more inches deep.

When it is finished to his satisfaction our lion buries himself in the very middle of it, leaving only the tips of his jaws above the ground. There he lies in wait. When an insect in travelling about comes to the delicate edge of the pit, the sand begins to give way under its feet, and it slides down the sides of the trap. Perhaps it struggles, and stops itself, and begins to crawl out; but when this happens, the lion loads his head with sand and again and again throws it with great force upon the poor captive, until the terrible shower brings it to the bottom and into the strong and greedy jaws waiting to receive it.

These jaws are most formidable weapons, being claw-like and hollow, and especially adapted for sucking up the juices of insects. When the body is sucked quite dry the lion throws it over the edge of his den, and once more places himself in position to wait for the coming of another victim, which very soon appears and falls into the pit in the same way.

The Ant-lion lives in this manner for nearly two years, destroying an incredible number of the most active insects, which by his cunning he catches alive, though he is all the while himself in a very sluggish state. At the end of the two years he forms a cocoon of sand, gluing the grains together, and lines it softly with layers of beautiful silken stuff which he spins from his own body. The whole cocoon is less than half an inch in diameter. In this he lies down to await his change into the perfect insect. After some three weeks it is completed, and the little creature gnaws with its jaws, or mandibles, through the cocoon.

When it first emerges this transformed insect is only a half inch in length, and is very wet and miserable-looking; but as it suns and dries itself, it stretches out with the most amazing rapidity, soon becoming at least an inch and a half long in body, while the wings expand from less than one fourth of an inch to nearly three inches in length. Then, as it flies away on its lace-like, iridescent wings, with its black body glittering in the sun, it is as pretty a sight as one need wish to see.

AT THE ART MUSEUM.

BY MRS. ABBIE M. GANNETT.

Olive, who lived in Boston, had often been with her mother to the Art Museum; but she always said afterwards that her head was "packed so full" with what she had seen, it was very confusing. So when one day her mother invited her to go again, she declined.

"Suppose you follow a little plan I have," said her mother. "I am going to see some Dante pictures; and as I can tell you something about them, you can, if you look at these alone, come away with something definite in your mind."

"I should like that," said Olive, "for I could write about it in my journal."

She ran to get her hat and her note-book. On the way her mother told her somewhat as follows about Dante: —

Dante was one of the four great poets of the world. His imagination was his most wonderful gift. In his "Divine Comedy" he describes an imagined visit to Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven in such a way that it seems real to the reader. He said that he called his poem a comedy because it ends happily. It is a work that shows that he was master of whatever knowledge could be had in those times; and his constant references to ancient history and biography, mythology, philosophy, and astronomy, keep the careful reader very busy in consulting books relating to these themes. Artists and sculptors have drawn their subjects from this poem, while the books that have been written about it make quite a literature. Our own poet, Mr. Longfellow, has faithfully translated it, and Mr. Lowell has an essay that all students of Dante admire.

Dante was born in the thirteenth century, in Florence. In his youth he fought for his native city, and showed a brave, patriotic spirit; but he was cruelly banished from Florence by those who ruled it, because he held different political opinions. His exile lasted many years, and he was entirely dependent upon the bounty of friends. He died in poverty and sorrow.

His face bears witness to the strength of his sufferings; and although in youth he was beautiful, in age his features were stern and severe. Each feeling seemed to have graven itself upon his face as if it were a keen instrument; so that his face by some has been called the most remarkable preserved to us from the past. Proud and independent by nature, the circumstances of his banishment were especially painful to bear. His expression has become familiar, "So hard it is to climb another's stair!"

The large meaning of the "Divine Comedy" is to show the terrible effect of sin upon the human soul (Hell), to picture the release of the soul from guilt through willingly bearing its burdens (Purgatory), and to point out the blessed state of the soul that dwells in the light of purity and spiritual aspiration (Heaven).

Hell is represented as a series of circular abysses, each one more dreadful than the preceding in its punishments, as are the sinners it holds more sinful. It is supposed as placed beneath Jerusalem and the surrounding country.

Purgatory is a mountain; and the higher the sinner ascends, the less painful becomes his burden. At the top he is freed, and is ready to enter Paradise. Dante states that the mountain of Purgatory was raised by a violent convulsion of the earth when Lucifer, the rebel angel, was hurled out of Heaven.

Heaven is made up of different spheres, and in each the spirits are advanced in happiness and holiness beyond those dwelling in the sphere below it. The spheres are the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the fixed stars, and the Primum Mobile. Within these spheres, not upon the surface, the spirits live; and their life is one of great activity, as well as endless joy. Dante did not understand the solar system as we do. He supposed the earth occupied the centre, with the other heavenly bodies moving around it. But the world-system, even as he pictured it, is grand, and fills the mind with surprising images.

When very young, Dante met a beautiful girl, Beatrice, and then, and afterwards as a woman, she made a deep impression upon his mind; so much so, that although she died when twenty-four years of age, he thought of her with worshipful adoration all through his life. Dante and Beatrice are always spoken of together.

Dante admired Virgil, the Latin poet, and relates that he was the guide through Hell and Purgatory; but it was Beatrice who conducted him through the heavenly spheres.

At the Art Museum Olive saw three pictures relating to Dante. The one that interested her most was by Ary Scheffer, the French painter, who was born in Holland and died about thirty-three years ago. It represented Dante and Beatrice in the pure heavenly light, the poet slightly raising his hands towards Beatrice, and his harsh features softened by joy, gratitude, and reverence. He wears the red-hooded Florentine cloak, which makes a strong contrast to her white garments tinged with red. She is standing, and her beautiful eyes look upward, her expression rapt, and oh, how sweet, pure, and exalted! The face reminds one of Raphael's Saint Cecilia. Just a portion of a green mantle is seem. Red, white, and green are the colors of Florence. It is a picture to look at long, and to return to again and again. It fills one with noble feelings.

Another picture was by Corot, the French painter, who died not many years ago. Dante is in the gloomy wood where, according to the poem, he was lost before he descended to Hell, and we see the three animals that beset him there, — the panther, the lion, and the wolf. But Virgil has joined him, and will lead him safely along his weird journey. This sombre picture seems very faithful to the scene Dante has given in the first canto of his poem.

A smaller painting is over one of the doors, and not so easily seen. It shows the meeting of Dante and Virgil with Homer. In the "Divine Comedy" Dante tells of his meeting with Homer and other great poets before the entrance of Hell was reached. The darkness of the region was illuminated by a flame, and he saw them walking towards him. In the picture, which is by the Italian artist, Canzoni, Dante and Virgil are seen standing in the gloomy shadows of dark rocks, and in the distance shines the lurid light, while in the foreground is the magnificent figure of the blind poet, "of all bards supreme." Following him are Horace, Ovid, and the other poets.

Olive stopped near the head of the staircase to see the large bronze busts of Virgil and Dante. The features of Virgil are calm and perfect; those of Dante are almost forbidding in their severity. Yet, as Olive had learned more of his story, she felt drawn to think much about that face. Perhaps sometime she will come to like it.

MAGGIE'S CHANCE.

BY KATE S. GATES.

THE girls in Miss Wilder's school were gathered in one corner of the play-ground, and all seemed to be talking at once.

"Is n't it perfectly dreadful to think of having a thief right in your school?" said one.

"I should not think Miss Wilder would let her come any more; but I sha'n't have anything to do with her if she does," said another.

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" echoed one and another.

Miss Wilder standing in the window and looking out towards them caught the words, and her face grew sadder as she glanced towards the only other occupant of the school-room, sullen-faced little Maggie Connor, in whose sacque pocket had been found that morning an orange taken from Sadie Wilson's lunch-basket.

Several times of late things had been missing from baskets left in the dressing-room, but the culprit had not been discovered until now.

For a minute or two Miss Wilder stood in deep thought; then, with another glance at Maggie, she left the room and went out to the girls in the play-ground.

"Children," she said gently, "I want to talk with you a little. I know you all feel very much shocked at what Maggie has done, and I am afraid that you blame her more than she really deserves."

"Why, Miss Wilder," interrupted a chorus of indignant voices, "don't you think it is a dreadful thing to steal?"

"Indeed I do, very, very dreadful; but, children, Maggie has n't a happy home, and a good father and mother as you all have. Do you know she lives in one room in a miserable tenement house, her mother is dead, and her father drinks, and sometimes he beats Maggie cruelly. I do not believe any one has ever taught her how wrong it is to take what is not hers. I am afraid she often suffers from cold and hunger. Just think how different her life is from yours, and how many helps to be good you have that she has never had. Now, girls, shall we be cold and hard and unforgiving to this poor unfortunate little girl, and send her away from the only good influences she has; or shall we forgive her, and try to help her be a good honest girl?"

"Oh, Miss Wilder," said Sadie Wilson impulsively, her eyes brimming over with tears, "I am just as ashamed of myself as I can be. I never thought about it so. I presume I should have been as bad myself, worse perhaps, if I had been in her place; and to think how hard it must have been for her to watch us all eating our nice lunches, when she was hungry! We 've been horrid but we will try to help, won't we girls?"

"Of course we will," was the prompt response from all.

The moment her teacher had left the room Maggie had dropped her head on her desk, and given way to a flood of tears.

"Oh, I wish I was dead, only I 'm afraid. I won't come any more, they all hate me now. I wish they was hungry once like I am, I guess they'd want to take things if they got a chance. I should n't think they need mind when they can have lots more, but they will; they won't play with me now, nor nothing. Oh, dear, dear! I'd be good if I had a chance like them, but there is n't anybody to love me, nor help me."

"Maggie," said Miss Wilder pleasantly from the doorway, "there are just five minutes more of recess; we are going to play 'drop the handkerchief,' and we want you to come."

Maggie looked up in surprise.

"They won't play with *me* now," she said bitterly.

"Yes they will; you come with me and see if they won't," answered Miss Wilder gently, holding out her hand. "It was a dreadful thing to do, Maggie, but you are sorry, dear, are n't you? And we will love and trust you again; you will never, never do so again, will you?"

"I guess I won't," sobbed Maggie. "Nobody ever told me how bad it was before. I have n't had no chance to be good like the rest of them, nor folks to love me."

"You shall have a chance now, Maggie. God will love and help you if you ask Him, and so will we."

"What a nice girl Maggie Connor is getting to be," said Sadie Wilson several months afterwards. "My mother says we ought to try to 'lend a hand' like that, more than we do. She says there 's most always some one who is weak and tempted that we can help; and we must n't be proud and think we are ever so much better, because perhaps it 's only our different circumstances that make us so; and I guess mother's right about it."

NAPOLEON AND THE FRUIT-WOMAN.

[From the German.]

BY EVA.

As every one knows, Napoleon spent his youth as a pupil at the military school in Brienne. How he spent it was afterwards seen in the wars that he waged and the deeds that he accomplished. As he was very fond of fruit, like most young people, a woman who kept a fruit-store received many francs from him. When he had no money, as was often the case, she gave him credit. When the time arrived for him to leave the school to practise what he had learned there, he owed this woman a few francs; and as she for the last time brought him a plate of juicy peaches and sweet grapes, he said to her, "My good woman, I am obliged to go away now without paying you, but I shall not forget you."

The woman said, "Oh, do not trouble yourself about that, young master. God preserve you and make you a happy man."

But in such a career as that upon which our young soldier now entered the best of memories will sometimes fail, until at last a grateful heart prompts the remembrance.

Napoleon became in a short time general, and conquered Italy. He then went to Egypt, where once the children of Israel practised brick-making, and fought a battle near Nazareth, where eighteen hundred years before our blessed Saviour lived. Napoleon returned to France through a sea full of hostile ships, back to Paris, where he was made First Consul. He restored quiet and order again to his unhappy country, and was proclaimed Emperor of the French; and yet the good fruit-woman had nothing but his word, — "You shall not be forgotten." But it turned out that his word was as good as gold; for once upon a time, when the Emperor was expected at Brienne, he arrived there unknown to any one, and strolled about the streets, accompanied by only one faithful attendant. Thoughts of the past and the present filled his mind, and of how God had led him through so many dangers unharmed to the imperial throne. Suddenly he came to a standstill upon the street, — put his hand to his forehead as if reminded of something, uttered aloud the name of the fruit-woman, inquired the way to her dwelling, and proceeded thither, followed by his attendant. It was a poor, miserable dwelling. A narrow door led to a small but neat room, where the woman, with two children, hovered about the fire preparing their scanty evening meal.

"Can I have some refreshment here?" asked the Emperor.

"Oh, yes," said the woman, "the melons are ripe," and placed some before him. While the two men consumed the melons and the woman placed fresh fagots upon the fire, one of them asked her, "Do you know the Emperor, who is said to be here to-day?"

"He is not here yet," replied the woman, "but is coming soon. Why should I not know him? He has bought many a basket of fruit of me when he was here in the school."

"Did he pay you regularly?"

"Yes, of course, he paid for everything." Then the stranger said to her: "Good woman, you have either not told the truth or you have a very bad memory. In the first place, you do not know the Emperor, for I am he; in the second place, I have not paid you regularly, for I owe you two dollars or more." And at this his companion counted out upon the table one thousand two hundred francs (two hundred and forty dollars).

When the woman recognized the Emperor, and heard the money ring out upon the table, she fell at his feet, and was nearly beside herself with joy, terror, and gratitude; and the children looked at each other with open mouths, and had not a word to say. Later the Emperor gave orders for the old house to be torn down and a new one built in the same place. "This house shall bear my name," said he; and he promised the woman that he would provide for her children. Indeed, he had the daughter honorably settled in marriage, and the son was educated in the same school from which the great hero had gone forth.

WHAT every one is in the eyes of God, that he is and no more.

LET a man only be perfectly honest, no one can utterly gainsay him.

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.

THE VINEYARD.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXERCISE FOR YOUNGER CLASSES.

TEACHER. Jesus often called himself by names taken from Nature or from the employments of men. Can you think of any of these names?

Answer. Yes; He says, "I am the Good Shepherd."

Question. Can you think of another?

Ans. He says, "I am the Light of the World."

Ques. Yes; and once Jesus says something to his disciples about a vine and its branches. Do you remember what he said?

Ans. He said, "I am the Vine; ye are the branches."

Ques. What is the place called where vines grow?

Ans. A vineyard.

Ques. In the fifth chapter of Isaiah we find a good description of an ancient vineyard. Where is it said that the vineyard was planted?

Ans. On a very fruitful hill.

Ques. What did the owner dig about it?

Ans. A trench.

Ques. Yes; and we read in other parts of the Bible that vineyards were surrounded by hedges or by high walls to keep out wild beasts. What kind of vines did the owner of the vineyard plant in it?

Ans. The choicest kinds.

Ques. What did he expect to get from these vines?

Ans. Good grapes.

Ques. But what kind of grapes did the vines bear?

Ans. Grapes that were sour and unfit to eat.

Ques. Yes; and that means that sometimes people who have many advantages do not turn out well. But in the Book of Numbers (chap. xiii. verse 23) we are told of a different sort of grapes. What were they?

Ans. The grapes of Eshcol, which were so large that it took two men to carry a single bunch of them.

Ques. What kind of fruit does Jesus tell his disciples their Heavenly Father expects them to bear?

Ans. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

Ques. From what bushes did Jesus once say that men do not gather grapes?

Ans. From thorn-bushes; for he asked, "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

Ques. This mention of figs, together with grapes, reminds me of a saying of one of the prophets. Can you think what it is?

Ans. In Micah, fourth chapter, fourth verse, it says, "They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree."

Ques. When was this to take place?

Ans. In the days of Messiah, when wars would be ended, and all men would live as brethren.

Ques. Has that time come?

Ans. No; but it is the "good time coming."

Ques. To make ourselves and the world ready for that time, what does Jesus tell us to do?

Ans. He says, "Abide in me. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, so neither can ye, except ye abide in me."

Ques. Who does Jesus say is the husbandman that takes care of the vine and its branches?

Ans. He says, "My Father is the husbandman."

Ques. Do you think, then, that if you try to love God as Jesus did, and to submit to God's will, he will help you to bring forth the fruits of goodness in your lives?

Ans. Yes; I think that is what is meant by our being the branches, and Jesus the vine.

Ques. The Apostle Paul tells us in one place (Gal. v. 9) what some of the fruits of the Spirit are. Can you repeat the verse?

Ans. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, meekness, temperance."

Teachers' Department.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

Is a lady or a gentleman the better teacher for boys?

For the younger boys a lady is preferable, as a rule. There is a natural chivalry in unspoiled boyhood which secures better deportment where the teacher is a lady. Other things being equal, a good mother is a good teacher of other mothers' boys. For the older boys, a gentleman teacher is usually to be preferred.

At what age or qualification should children be promoted from the Primary Department?

If a graded system is in operation in a school, the question of qualification will naturally take precedence of that of age; for by such a system a course of simple lessons will be marked out to be followed by the youngest pupils, and then at the close of this course promotion to the next higher grade will follow. In general, and making no allowance for exceptional cases, the Primary Department of a Sunday-school is supposed to include the pupils from four to nine years old.

Is there any use for a Sunday-school library in a city Sunday-school?

For the younger pupils a Sunday-school library is found to be of real service even in city schools, notwithstanding the increase of public libraries and the greater number of books which are now accessible to the young. A carefully selected Sunday-school library is a useful adjunct to the teacher's work. Indeed, one way in which a competent teacher may greatly assist her pupils is by guiding their reading and interesting them in wholesome and *winsome* books.

Are Normal Classes the same as Teachers' Meetings?

Certainly not. Teachers may, and often do, come together to learn how to teach; and then they become for the time a Normal Class. But a Teachers' Meeting has its *raison d'être* in the opportunity it affords for conference on the general welfare of the school. A Normal Class, on the other hand, may be a class of older pupils meeting with the rest of the classes, but attending solely to instruction in the principles and methods of teaching. There should be, if possible, such a class in every Sunday-school, taught by the minister or by some other well-qualified instructor. This Normal Class would be the natural halting-place of those older scholars who so often leave the school because they think they are beyond the state of pupilage. Fortunate and successful is the school that out of its own advanced pupils trains its future teachers!

How can the young men be kept interested in the Sunday-school?

Just as young people are kept interested in the services of the church, — and that is, by feeding their minds and hearts with *appetizing food* of a moral and religious sort. Young men hunger after truth and righteousness and even spiritual-mindedness. Satisfy that hunger, and they will stay in Sunday-school or in church. How to do this is not so quickly said; but it *can* be done, and in many Sunday-schools it *is* done. We commend to our questioner the able address on Sunday-School Attendance, by Rev. Stopford W. Brooke, in the "Christian Register" of January 6, 1887.

Our Book Table.

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

HOMESPUN YARNS. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 394. Price, $1.50.

Mrs. Whitney's books are among the most wholesome and quickening works of fiction for young readers. Their value is not in their artistic form, which is often defective, but in the author's sympathetic insight into the life and character of those about whom she writes. If her heroes and heroines are not always wholly "real beings," their virtues never fail to impress us as genuine and imitable.

In the present volume of short stories we have been particularly impressed by this characteristic. In "Buttered Crusts," the beauty and the glory of helpfulness in little things make a sweet music that one hears long after he has forgotten the somewhat artificial story. The uprightness of Algernon, in "How the Middies set up shop," is shown as a virtue that every boy can cultivate; and in the closing story of the book we are shown how Zerab Throop finally did the right thing, and how through the "ordering of Providence" help came to the unfortunate widow.

The book should have a place in all our Sunday-School libraries.

THE Normal-Class Lecture-Talks on the Old Testament Stories, by Rev. Brooke Herford, have drawn to Channing Hall each Thursday afternoon an audience of nearly four hundred attentive and interested listeners. The "Talks" have been given in a familiar, conversational style, and with the direct purpose of helping teachers and parents to retell the early Hebrew stories to the children. Mr. Herford is an earnest believer in the general trustworthiness of the old Hebrew traditions. Under his treatment, those ancient stories are made alive, and shown to ring true to what we know of early civilization in the East.

ANOTHER NEW MANUAL.

THE Unitarian Sunday-School Society has just issued No. 2 of Vol. I. of the Sunday-School Lessons on "Lives and Deeds." Its title is, "Hebrew Prophets and Kings," by Rev. Henry G. Spaulding. Besides the six lesson-chapters, each one of which is long enough for two lessons, the manual contains an excellent colored map of Palestine before the Captivity, a series of Notes and Questions, and two lists of Reference-Books. Price 20 cents. By the dozen, $2.00. Fifty or more copies, 15 cents each.

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